If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the King my maister that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Enter the Prince and Blum

War. Here comes the Prince.
Iust. Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.
Prince This new and gorgeous garment Maiesty
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke:
Brothers, you mixt your sadnesse with some feare,
This is the English, not the Turkish court,
Not Amurath an Amurath succeedes,
But Harry Harry: yet be sad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And weare it in my heart: why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and so will I,
But Harry liues, that shal conuert those teares
By number into howres of happinesse.
Bro. We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.
Prince You all looke strangely on me, and you most,
You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.
Iust I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,
Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.
Prince No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,
Th immediate heire of England? was this easie?
May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?
Iust. I then did vse the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his law,

Whiles I was busie for the common wealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The maiestie and power of law and iustice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very seate of iudgement,
Whereon, (as an offendor to your father,)
I gaue bold way to my authority,
And did commit you: if the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To haue a sonne set your decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awful bench?
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword,
That guards the peace and safetie of your person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most royall image,
And mocke your workings in a second body?
Question your royall thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a sonne,
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull lawes so loosely slighted,
Behold your selfe so by a sonne disdained:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your sonne,
After this cold considerance sentence me,
And as you are a King, speake in your state,
What I haue done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my lieges soueraigntie.
Prince You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still beare the Ballance and the Sword,
And I do wish your honors may encrease,
Til you do liue to see a sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did:
So shall I liue to speake my fathers words,
Happie am I that haue a man so bold,
That dares do iustice on my proper sonne:
And not lesse happie, hauing such a sonne,
That would deliuer vp his greatnesse so,